

Love-Songs  
of Childhood



By  
Eugene Field

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LOVE-SONGS OF CHILDHOOD





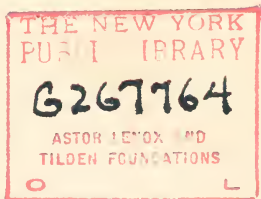
LOVE-SONGS OF  
CHILDHOOD

BY EUGENE  
FIELD



NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
1897

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EUGENE FIELD



G267764

To Mrs. Belle Angier

Dearest Aunt:

Many years ago you used to rock me to sleep, cradling me in your arms and singing me pretty songs. Surely you have not forgotten that time, and I recall it with tenderness. You were very beautiful then. But you are more beautiful now; for, in the years that have come and gone since then, the joys and the sorrows of maternity have impressed their saintly grace upon the dear face I used to kiss, and have made your gentle heart gentler still.

Beloved lady, in memory of years to be recalled only in thought, and in token of my gratitude and affection, I bring you these little love-songs, and reverently I lay them at your feet.

Eugene Field.

Chicago, November 1, 1894.



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LOVE-SONGS OF CHILDHOOD





## LOVE-SONGS OF CHILDHOOD



### THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

**T**HE Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street  
Comes stealing; comes creeping;  
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,  
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet —  
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum —  
“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;  
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,  
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come  
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,  
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams  
    With laughter and singing ;  
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,  
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty  
    gleams,  
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon  
    beams,  
    The fairies go winging !

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny  
    and fleet ?

    They 'll come to you sleeping ;  
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,  
With poppies that hang from her head to her  
    feet,  
    Comes stealing ; comes creeping.

“BOOH!”

ON afternoons, when baby boy has had a  
splendid nap,  
And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in  
nurse's lap,  
In some such wise my handkerchief I hold be-  
fore my face,  
And cautiously and quietly I move about the  
place;  
Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to  
view,  
And you should hear him laugh and crow when  
I say “Booh!”

Sometimes the rascal tries to make believe that  
he is scared,  
And really, when I first began, he stared, and  
stared, and stared;

And then his under lip came out and farther out  
it came,

Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel  
shame" —

But now what does that same wee, toddling,  
lispng baby do

But laugh and kick his little heels when I say  
"Booh!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous  
glee, and then

In shrill, despotic treble bids me "do it all aden!"

And I — of course I do it; for, as his progenitor,  
It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am  
for!

And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that we  
shall rue

The time when we are both too old to play the  
game of "Booh!"

## GARDEN AND CRADLE

WHEN our babe he goeth walking in his  
garden,  
Around his tinkling feet the sunbeams play ;  
The posies they are good to him,  
And bow them as they should to him,  
As fareth he upon his kingly way ;  
And birdlings of the wood to him  
Make music, gentle music, all the day,  
When our babe he goeth walking in his garden.

When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle,  
Then the night it looketh ever sweetly down ;  
The little stars are kind to him,  
The moon she hath a mind to him  
And layeth on his head a golden crown ;  
And singeth then the wind to him  
A song, the gentle song of Bethlem-town,  
When our babe he goeth swinging in his cradle.

## THE NIGHT WIND

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo" ?  
'T is a pitiful sound to hear !  
It seems to chill you through and through  
    With a strange and speechless fear.  
'T is the voice of the night that broods outside  
    When folk should be asleep,  
And many and many 's the time I 've cried  
To the darkness brooding far and wide  
    Over the land and the deep :  
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,  
    That you wail the long hours through ?"  
And the night would say in its ghostly way :  
    " Yooooooooo !  
    Yooooooooo !  
    Yooooooooo !"

My mother told me long ago  
    (When I was a little tad)  
That when the night went wailing so,  
    Somebody had been bad ;  
And then, when I was snug in bed,  
    Whither I had been sent,  
With the blankets pulled up round my head,  
I 'd think of what my mother 'd said,  
    And wonder what boy she meant !  
And " Who 's been bad to-day ? " I 'd ask  
    Of the wind that hoarsely blew,  
And the voice would say in its meaningful way :  
        " Yooooooooo !  
            Yooooooooo !  
            Yooooooooo ! "

That this was true I must allow —  
    You 'll not believe it, though !  
Yes, though I 'm quite a model now,  
    I was not always so.  
And if you doubt what things I say,  
    Suppose you make the test ;  
Suppose, when you 've been bad some day

And up to bed are sent away  
From mother and the rest —  
Suppose you ask, “ Who has been bad ? ”  
And then you ’ll hear what ’s true ;  
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone :  
“ Yooooooooo !  
Yooooooooo !  
Yooooooooo ! ”



## KISSING TIME

'T is when the lark goes soaring  
And the bee is at the bud,  
When lightly dancing zephyrs  
Sing over field and flood ;  
When all sweet things in nature  
Seem joyfully achime —  
'T is then I wake my darling,  
For it is kissing time !

Go, pretty lark, a-soaring,  
And suck your sweets, O bee ;  
Sing, O ye winds of summer,  
Your songs to mine and me ;  
For with your song and rapture  
Cometh the moment when  
It 's half-past kissing time  
And time to kiss again !

So — so the days go fleeting  
Like golden fancies free,  
And every day that cometh  
Is full of sweets for me ;  
And sweetest are those moments  
My darling comes to climb  
Into my lap to mind me  
That it is kissing time.

Sometimes, maybe, he wanders  
A heedless, aimless way —  
Sometimes, maybe, he loiters  
In pretty, prattling play ;  
But presently bethinks him  
And hastens to me then,  
For it 's half-past kissing time  
And time to kiss again !

## JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will,  
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call  
me Bill !

Mighty glad I ain't a girl — ruther be a boy,  
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that 's  
worn by Fauntleroy !

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in  
the lake —

Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-  
ache !

'Most all the time, the whole year round, there  
ain't no flies on me,

But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the  
cat ;

First thing she knows she does n't know where  
she is at!

Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to  
slide,

'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a  
ride!

But sometimes when the grocery man is worried  
an' cross,

He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up  
his hoss,

An' then I laff an' holler, " Oh, ye never teched  
*me!*"

But jest 'fore Christmas I 'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a  
man,

I 'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,  
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Cey-  
lon's Isle,

Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is  
vile!

But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild  
West show,

Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I  
guess she 'd know

That Buff'lo Bill an' cow-boys is good enough  
for me!

*Except* jest 'fore Christmas, when I 'm good as I  
kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-  
like an' still,

His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What 's the mat-  
ter, little Bill?"

The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' won-  
ders what 's become

Of them two enemies of hern that used to make  
things hum!

But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,  
That mother says to father: "How improved  
our Willie is!"

But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me  
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I 'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies,  
cakes, an' toys,

Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for  
naughty boys;

So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind  
yer p's and q's,  
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't  
wear out yer shoes;  
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to  
the men,  
An' when they 's company, don't pass yer plate  
for pie again;  
But, thinkin' of the things yer 'd like to see upon  
that tree,  
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

## BEARD AND BABY

I SAY, as one who never feared  
The wrath of a subscriber's bullet,  
I pity him who has a beard  
But has no little girl to pull it!

When wife and I have finished tea,  
Our baby woos me with her prattle,  
And, perching proudly on my knee,  
She gives my petted whiskers battle.

With both her hands she tugs away,  
While scolding at me kind o' spiteful;  
You 'll not believe me when I say  
I find the torture quite delightful!

No other would presume, I ween,  
To trifle with this hirsute wonder,  
Else would I rise in vengeful mien  
And rend his vandal frame asunder!

But when *her* baby fingers pull  
This glossy, sleek, and silky treasure,  
My cup of happiness is full —  
I fairly glow with pride and pleasure !

And, sweeter still, through all the day  
I seem to hear her winsome prattle —  
I seem to feel her hands at play,  
As though they gave me sportive battle.

Yes, heavenly music seems to steal  
Where thought of her forever lingers,  
And round my heart I always feel  
The twining of her dimpled fingers !



## THE DINKEY-BIRD

**I**N an ocean, 'way out yonder  
(As all sapient people know),  
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,  
Whither children love to go ;  
It 's their playing, romping, swinging,  
That give great joy to me  
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing  
In the amfalula tree !

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,  
And taffy 's thick as peas —  
Caramels you pick like berries  
When, and where, and how you please ;  
Big red sugar-plums are clinging  
To the cliffs beside that sea  
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper  
And make merry all the day,  
When there 's naught to put a damper  
To the ardor of their play ;  
When I hear their laughter ringing,  
Then I 'm sure as sure can be  
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras  
And staccatos are so sweet —  
His roulades, appoggiaturas,  
And robustos so complete,  
That the youth of every nation —  
Be they near or far away —  
Have especial delectation  
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,  
Their lungs begin to crow,  
Their hearts get light and lighter,  
And their cheeks are all aglow ;

For an echo cometh bringing  
The news to all and me,  
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree.

I 'm sure you like to go there  
To see your feathered friend—  
And so many goodies grow there  
You would like to comprehend!  
*Speed, little dreams, your winging*  
*To that land across the sea*  
*Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing*  
*In the amfatula tree!*

## THE DRUM

I 'M a beautiful red, red drum,  
And I train with the soldier boys;  
As up the street we come,  
Wonderful is our noise!  
There 's Tom, and Jim, and Phil,  
And Dick, and Nat, and Fred,  
While Widow Cutler's Bill  
And I march on ahead,  
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat  
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum —  
Oh, there 's bushels of fun in that  
For boys with a little red drum!

The Injuns came last night  
While the soldiers were abed,  
And they gobbled a Chinese kite  
And off to the woods they fled!

The woods are the cherry-trees  
Down in the orchard lot,  
And the soldiers are marching to seize  
The booty the Injuns got.  
With tum-titty-um-tum-tum,  
And r-r-rat-tat-tat,  
When soldiers marching come  
Injuns had better scat !

Step up there, little Fred,  
And, Charley, have a mind !  
Jim is as far ahead  
As you two are behind !  
Ready with gun and sword  
Your valorous work to do —  
Yonder the Injun horde  
Are lying in wait for you.  
And their hearts go pitapat  
When they hear the soldiers come  
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat  
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum !

Course it 's all in play !

The skulking Injun crew  
That hustled the kite away

Are little white boys, like you !  
But " honest " or " just in fun ,"

It is all the same to me ;  
And, when the battle is won,

Home once again march we  
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat

And tum-titty-um-tum-tum ;  
And there 's glory enough in that  
For the boys with their little red drum !

## THE DEAD BABE

LAST night, as my dear babe lay dead,  
In agony I knelt and said :

“ O God! what have I done,  
Or in what wise offended Thee,  
That Thou should'st take away from me  
My little son ?

“ Upon the thousand useless lives,  
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,  
Thy wrath were better spent!  
Why should'st Thou take my little son —  
Why should'st Thou vent Thy wrath upon  
This innocent ? ”

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,  
Before mine eyes the vision spread  
Of things that *might* have been :

Licentious riot, cruel strife,  
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life  
Dark red with sin!

Then, with sweet music in the air,  
I saw another vision there :

A Shepherd in whose keep  
A little lamb — my little child !  
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,  
Lay fast asleep !

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,  
In those two messages I read

A wisdom manifest ;  
And though my arms be childless now,  
I am content — to Him I bow  
Who knoweth best.



## THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD

IT 's when the birds go piping and the day-  
light slowly breaks,

That, clamoring for his dinner, our precious  
baby wakes ;

Then it 's sleep no more for baby, and it 's  
sleep no more for me,

For, when he wants his dinner, why it 's dinner  
it must be!

And of that lacteal fluid he partakes with  
great ado,

While gran'ma laughs,

And gran'pa laughs,

And wife, she laughs,

And I — well, *I* laugh, *too!*

You 'd think, to see us carrying on about that  
    little tad,  
That, like as not, that baby was the first we 'd  
    ever had ;  
But, sakes alive ! he is n't, yet we people  
    make a fuss  
As if the only baby in the world had come  
    to *us* !  
And, morning, noon, and night-time, whatever  
    he may do,  
    Gran'ma, she laughs,  
    Gran'pa, he laughs,  
    Wife, she laughs,  
    And *I*, of course, laugh, too !

But once — a likely spell ago — when that poor  
    little chick  
From teething or from some such ill of infancy  
    fell sick,  
You would n't know us people as the same  
    that went about  
A-feelin' good all over, just to hear him crow  
    and shout ;

And, though the doctor poohed our fears and  
said he 'd pull him through,  
Old gran'ma cried,  
And gran'pa cried,  
And wife, she cried,  
And I — yes, *I* cried, *too!*

It makes us all feel good to have a baby on  
the place,  
With his everlastin' crowing and his dimpling,  
dumpling face;  
The patter of his pinky feet makes music  
everywhere,  
And when he shakes those fists of his, good-by  
to every care!  
No matter *what* our trouble is, when *he* begins  
to *coo*,  
Old gran'ma laughs,  
And gran'pa laughs,  
Wife, she laughs,  
And I — you bet, *I* laugh, *too!*

SO, SO, ROCK-A-BY SO!

So, so, rock-a-by so!  
Off to the garden where dreamikins grow ;  
And here is a kiss on your winkyblink eyes,  
    And here is a kiss on your dimpledown cheek  
And here is a kiss for the treasure that lies  
In the beautiful garden way up in the skies  
    Which you seek.  
Now mind these three kisses wherever you go —  
So, so, rock-a-by so!

There 's one little fumfay who lives there, I  
    know,  
For he dances all night where the dreamikins  
    grow ;

I send him this kiss on your droopydrop eyes,  
I send him this kiss on your rosyred cheek.  
And here is a kiss for the dream that shall rise  
When the fumfay shall dance in those far-away  
skies

Which you seek.

Be sure that you pay those three kisses you  
owe —

So, so, rock-a-by so!

And, by-low, as you rock-a-by go,  
Don't forget mother who loveth you so!  
And here is her kiss on your weepydeep eyes,  
And here is her kiss on your peachypink  
cheek,

And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies  
Like a babe on the breast of those far-away  
skies

Which you seek —

The blinkywink garden where dreamikins grow —  
So, so, rock-a-by so!

## THE SONG OF LUDDY-DUD

A SUNBEAM comes a-creeping  
Into my dear one's nest,  
And sings to our babe a-sleeping  
The song that I love the best :  
    " 'T is little Luddy-Dud in the morning —  
    ' T is little Luddy-Dud at night ;  
        And all day long  
        ' T is the same sweet song  
Of that waddling, toddling, coddling little mite,  
Luddy-Dud."

The bird to the tossing clover,  
The bee to the swaying bud,  
Keep singing that sweet song over  
Of wee little Luddy-Dud.

“’T is little Luddy-Dud in the morning —  
’T is little Luddy-Dud at night;  
And all day long  
’T is the same dear song  
Of that growling, crowing, knowing little sprite,  
Luddy-Dud.”

Luddy-Dud’s cradle is swinging  
Where softly the night winds blow,  
And Luddy-Dud’s mother is singing  
A song that is sweet and low:  
“’T is little Luddy-Dud in the morning —  
’T is little Luddy-Dud at night;  
And all day long  
’T is the same sweet song  
Of my nearest and my dearest heart’s delight,  
Luddy-Dud!”

## THE DUEL

THE gingham dog and the calico cat  
Side by side on the table sat ;  
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)  
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!  
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate  
Appeared to know as sure as fate  
There was going to be a terrible spat.

*(I was n't there ; I simply state  
What was told to me by the Chinese plate !)*

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"  
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"  
The air was littered, an hour or so,  
With bits of gingham and calico,  
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney  
place  
Up with its hands before its face,  
For it always dreaded a family row!



*(Now mind: I 'm only telling you  
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,  
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"  
But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
Employing every tooth and claw --  
In the awfulest way you ever saw --  
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

*(Don't fancy I exaggerate --  
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning, where the two had sat  
They found no trace of dog or cat;  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away!

But the truth about the cat and pup  
Is this: they ate each other up!  
Now what do you really think of that!

*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)*

## GOOD-CHILDREN STREET

THERE 's a dear little home in Good-Children  
street —

My heart turneth fondly to-day  
Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet  
Make sweetest of music at play;  
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face  
And warms every heart in that old-fashioned  
place.

For dear little children go romping about  
With dollies and tin tops and drums,  
And, my! how they frolic and scamper and  
shout  
Till bedtime too speedily comes!  
Oh, days they are golden and days they are  
fleet  
With little folk living in Good-Children street.

See, here comes an army with guns painted red,  
And swords, caps, and plumes of all sorts;  
The captain rides gaily and proudly ahead  
On a stick-horse that prances and snorts!  
Oh, legions of soldiers you 're certain to meet—  
Nice make-believe soldiers—in Good-Children  
street.

And yonder Odette wheels her dolly about—  
Poor dolly! I 'm sure she is ill,  
For one of her blue china eyes has dropped out  
And her voice is asthmatic'ly shrill.  
Then, too, I observe she is minus her feet,  
Which causes much sorrow in Good-Children  
street.

'T is so the dear children go romping about  
With dollies and banners and drums,  
And I venture to say they are sadly put out  
When an end to their jubilee comes:  
Oh, days they are golden and days they are  
fleet  
With little folk living in Good-Children street!

But when falleth night over river and town,  
Those little folk vanish from sight,  
And an angel all white from the sky cometh  
down

And guardeth the babes through the night,  
And singeth her lullabies tender and sweet  
To the dear little people in Good-Children  
street.

Though elsewhere the world be o'erburdened  
with care,

Though poverty fall to my lot,  
Though toil and vexation be always my share,  
What care I — they trouble me not!  
*This* thought maketh life ever joyous and  
sweet:

There 's a dear little home in Good-Children  
street.

THE DELECTABLE BALLAD OF THE  
WALLER LOT

UP yonder in Buena Park  
There is a famous spot,  
In legend and in history  
Yclept the Waller Lot.

There children play in daytime  
And lovers stroll by dark,  
For 't is the goodliest trysting-place  
In all Buena Park.

Once on a time that beauteous maid,  
Sweet little Sissy Knott,  
Took out her pretty doll to walk  
Within the Waller Lot.

While thus she fared, from Ravenswood  
Came Injuns o'er the plain,  
And seized upon that beauteous maid  
And rent her doll in twain.

Oh, 't was a piteous thing to hear  
Her lamentations wild;  
She tore her golden curls and cried:  
"My child! My child! My child!"

Alas, what cared those Injun chiefs  
How bitterly wailed she?  
They never had been mothers,  
And they could not hope to be!

"Have done with tears," they rudely quoth,  
And then they bound her hands;  
For they proposed to take her off  
To distant border lands.

But, joy! from Mr. Eddy's barn  
Doth Willie Clow behold  
The sight that makes his hair rise up  
And all his blood run cold.

He put his fingers in his mouth  
And whistled long and clear,  
And presently a goodly horde  
Of cow-boys did appear.

Cried Willie Clow: "My comrades bold  
Haste to the Waller Lot,  
And rescue from that Injun band  
Our charming Sissy Knott!

"Spare neither Injun buck nor squaw,  
But smite them hide and hair!  
Spare neither sex nor age nor size,  
And no condition spare!"

Then sped that cow-boy band away,  
Full of revengeful wrath,  
And Kendall Evans rode ahead  
Upon a hickory lath.

And next came gallant Dady Field  
And Willie's brother Kent,  
The Eddy boys and Robbie James,  
On murderous purpose bent.

For they were much beholden to  
That maid — in sooth, the lot  
Were very, very much in love  
With charming Sissy Knott.

What wonder? She was beauty's queen,  
And good beyond compare;  
Moreover, it was known she was  
Her wealthy father's heir!

Now when the Injuns saw that band  
They trembled with affright,  
And yet they thought the cheapest thing  
To do was stay and fight.

So sturdily they stood their ground,  
Nor would their prisoner yield,  
Despite the wrath of Willie Clow  
And gallant Dady Field.

Oh, never fiercer battle raged  
Upon the Waller Lot,  
And never blood more freely flowed  
Than flowed for Sissy Knott!



An Injun chief of monstrous size  
 Got Kendall Evans down,  
 And Robbie James was soon o'erthrown  
 By one of great renown.

And Dady Field was sorely done,  
 And Willie Clow was hurt,  
 And all that gallant cow-boy band  
 Lay wallowing in the dirt.

But still they strove with might and main  
 Till all the Waller Lot  
 Was strewn with hair and gouts of gore—  
 All, all for Sissy Knott!

Then cried the maiden in despair:  
 "Alas, I sadly fear  
 The battle and my hopes are lost,  
 Unless some help appear!"

Lo, as she spoke, she saw afar  
 The rescuer looming up—  
 The pride of all Buena Park,  
 Clow's famous yellow pup!

“Now, sick 'em, Don,” the maiden cried,  
“Now, sick 'em, Don!” cried she;  
Obedient Don at once complied —  
As ordered, so did he.

He sicked 'em all so passing well  
That, overcome by fright,  
The Indian horde gave up the fray  
And safety sought in flight.

They ran and ran and ran and ran  
O'er valley, plain, and hill;  
And if they are not walking now,  
Why, then, they 're running still.

The cow-boys rose up from the dust  
With faces black and blue;  
“Remember, beauteous maid,” said they,  
“We 've bled and died for you!

“And though we suffer grievously,  
We gladly hail the lot  
That brings us toils and pains and wounds  
For charming Sissy Knott!”

But Sissy Knott still wailed and wept,  
And still her fate reviled;  
For who could patch her dolly up—  
Who, who could mend her child?

Then out her doting mother came,  
And soothed her daughter then;  
“Grieve not, my darling, I will sew  
Your dolly up again!”

Joy soon succeeded unto grief,  
And tears were soon dried up,  
And dignities were heaped upon  
Clow's noble yellow pup.

Him all that goodly company  
Did as deliverer hail—  
They tied a ribbon round his neck,  
Another round his tail.

And every anniversary day  
Upon the Waller Lot  
They celebrate the victory won  
For charming Sissy Knott.

And I, the poet of these folk,  
Am ordered to compile  
This truly famous history  
In good old ballad style.

Which having done as to have earned  
The sweet rewards of fame,  
In what same style I did begin  
I now shall end the same.

So let us sing: Long live the King,  
Long live the Queen and Jack,  
Long live the ten-spot and the ace,  
And also all the pack.

## THE STORK

LAST night the Stork came stalking,  
And, Stork, beneath your wing  
Lay, lapped in dreamless slumber,  
The tiniest little thing!  
From Babyland, out yonder  
Beside a silver sea,  
You brought a priceless treasure  
As gift to mine and me!

Last night my dear one listened—  
And, wife, you knew the cry—  
The dear old Stork has sought our home  
A many times gone by!  
And in your gentle bosom  
I found the pretty thing  
That from the realm out yonder  
Our friend the Stork did bring.

Last night a babe awakened,  
And, babe, how strange and new  
Must seem the home and people  
The Stork has brought you to;  
And yet methinks you like them—  
You neither stare nor weep,  
But closer to my dear one  
You cuddle, and you sleep!

Last night my heart grew fonder—  
O happy heart of mine,  
Sing of the inspirations  
That round my pathway shine!  
And sing your sweetest love-song  
To this dear nestling wee  
The Stork from 'Way-Out-Yonder  
Hath brought to mine and me!

## THE BOTTLE TREE

**A** BOTTLE TREE bloometh in Winkyway  
land—

Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!

A snug little berth in that ship I demand  
That rocketh the Bottle-Tree babies away  
Where the Bottle Tree bloometh by night  
and by day

And reacheth its fruit to each wee, dimpled  
hand;

You take of that fruit as much as you list,  
For colic 's a nuisance that does n't exist!

So cuddle me close, and cuddle me fast,  
And cuddle me snug in my cradle away,  
For I hunger and thirst for that precious  
repast—

Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!

The Bottle Tree bloometh by night and by  
day!

Heigh-ho for Winkyway land!

And Bottle-Tree fruit (as I 've heard people  
say)

Makes bellies of Bottle-Tree babies expand —

And that is a trick I would fain understand!

Heigh-ho for a bottle to-day!

And heigh-ho for a bottle to-night —

A bottle of milk that is creamy and white!

So cuddle me close, and cuddle me fast,

And cuddle me snug in my cradle away,

For I hunger and thirst for that precious  
repast —

Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!



## GOOGLY-GOO

**O**F mornings, bright and early,  
When the lark is on the wing  
And the robin in the maple  
Hops from her nest to sing,  
From yonder cheery chamber  
Cometh a mellow coo—  
'T is the sweet, persuasive treble  
Of my little Googly-Goo!

The sunbeams hear his music,  
And they seek his little bed,  
And they dance their prettiest dances  
Round his golden curly head:  
Schottisches, galops, minuets,  
Gavottes and waltzes, too,  
Dance they unto the music  
Of my googling Googly-Goo.

My heart—my heart it leapeth  
To hear that treble tone;  
What music like *thy* music,  
My darling and mine own!  
And patiently—yes, cheerfully  
I toil the long day through—  
My labor seemeth lightened  
By the song of Googly-Goo!

I may not see his antics,  
Nor kiss his dimpled cheek:  
I may not smooth the tresses  
The sunbeams love to seek;  
It mattereth not—the echo  
Of his sweet, persuasive coo  
Recurrereth to remind me  
Of my little Googly-Goo.

And when I come at evening,  
I stand without the door  
And patiently I listen  
For that dear sound once more;

And oftentimes I wonder,  
“Oh, God! what should I do  
If any ill should happen  
To my little Googly-Goo!”

Then in affright I call him—  
I hear his gleeful shouts!  
Begone, ye dread forebodings—  
Begone, ye killing doubts!  
For, with my arms about him,  
My heart warms through and through  
With the oogling and the googling  
Of my little Googly-Goo!

## THE BENCH-LEGGED FYCE

SPEAKIN' of dorgs, my bench-legged fyce  
Hed most o' the virtues, an' nary a vice.  
Some folks called him Sooner, a name that  
arose

From his predisposition to chronic repose;  
But, rouse his ambition, he could n't be beat —  
Yer bet yer he got thar on all his four feet!

Mos' dorgs hez some forte — like huntin' an'  
such,

But the sports o' the field did n't bother *him*  
much;

Wuz just a plain dorg, an' contented to be  
On peaceable terms with the neighbors an' me;  
Used to fiddle an' squirm, and grunt "Oh,  
how nice!"

When I tickled the back of that bench-legged  
fyce!

He wuz long in the bar'l, like a fyce oughter  
be;

His color wuz yaller as ever you see;

His tail, curlin' upward, wuz long, loose, an'  
slim —

When he did n't wag *it*, why, the tail it  
wagged *him*!

His legs wuz so crooked, my bench-legged  
pup

Wuz as tall settin' down as he wuz standin' up!

He 'd lie by the stove of a night an' regret  
'The various vittles an' things he had et;  
When a stranger, most likely a tramp, come  
along,

He 'd lift up his voice in significant song —  
You wondered, by gum! how there ever wuz  
space

In that bosom o' his'n to hold so much bass!

Of daytimes he 'd sneak to the road an' lie  
down,

An' tackle the country dorgs comin' to town;

By common consent he wuz boss in St. Joe,  
For what he took hold of he never let go!  
An' a dude that come courtin' our girl left  
a slice  
Of his white flannel suit with our bench-  
legged fyce!

He wuz good to us kids — when we pulled  
at his fur  
Or twisted his tail he would never demur;  
He seemed to enjoy all our play an' our  
chaff,  
For his tongue 'u'd hang out an' he 'd laff  
an' he 'd laff;  
An' once, when the Hobart boy fell through  
the ice,  
He wuz drug clean ashore by that bench-  
legged fyce!

We all hev our choice, an' you, like the rest,  
Allow that the dorg which you 've got is the  
best;

I would n't give much for the boy 'at grows  
up

With no friendship subsistin' 'tween him an' a  
pup!

When a fellow gits old — I tell you it 's nice  
To think of his youth and his bench-legged  
fyce!

To think of the springtime 'way back in St.  
Joe —

Of the peach-trees abloom an' the daisies  
ablow;

To think of the play in the medder an' grove,  
When little legs wrassled an' little han's strove;

To think of the loyalty, valor, an' truth  
Of the friendships that hallow the season of  
youth!

## LITTLE MISS BRAG

LITTLE Miss Brag has much to say  
To the rich little lady from over the way  
And the rich little lady puts out a lip  
As she looks at her own white, dainty slip,  
And wishes that *she* could wear a gown  
As pretty as gingham of faded brown!  
For little Miss Brag she lays much stress  
On the privileges of a gingham dress—

“Aha,  
Oho!”

The rich little lady from over the way  
Has beautiful dolls in vast array;  
Yet she envies the raggedy home-made doll  
She hears our little Miss Brag extol.



For the raggedy doll can fear no hurt  
From wet, or heat, or tumble, or dirt!  
Her nose is inked, and her mouth is, too,  
And one eye 's black and the other 's blue—

“Aha,  
Oho!”

The rich little lady goes out to ride  
With footmen standing up outside,  
Yet wishes that, sometimes, after dark  
*Her* father would trundle *her* in the park;—  
That, sometimes, *her* mother would sing the  
things

Little Miss Brag says *her* mother sings  
When through the attic window streams  
The moonlight full of golden dreams—

“Aha,  
Oho!”

Yes, little Miss Brag has much to say  
To the rich little lady from over the way;  
And yet who knows but from her heart  
Often the bitter sighs upstart—

Uprise to lose their burn and sting  
In the grace of the tongue that loves to sing  
Praise of the treasures all its own!  
So I 've come to love that treble tone—

“Aha,  
Oho!”

## THE HUMMING TOP

**T**HE top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song  
To my dear little boy at play —  
Merrily singeth all day long,  
As it spinneth and spinneth away.  
And my dear little boy  
He laugheth with joy  
When he heareth the monotone  
Of that busy thing  
That loveth to sing  
The song that is all its own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,  
That the song be loud and clear ;  
Now hurl the top with all your might  
Upon the banquette here ;  
And straight from the string  
The joyous thing

Boundeth and spinneth along,  
    And it whirrs and it chirrs  
    And it birrs and it purrs  
Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old,  
    As some have grown before?  
Will ever his heart feel faint and cold,  
    When he heareth the songs of yore?  
    Will ever this toy  
    Of my dear little boy,  
When the years have worn away,  
    Sing sad and low  
    Of the long ago,  
As it singeth to me to-day?

## LADY BUTTON-EYES

WHEN the busy day is done,  
And my weary little one  
Rocketh gently to and fro;  
When the night winds softly blow,  
And the crickets in the glen  
Chirp and chirp and chirp again;  
When upon the haunted green  
Fairies dance around their queen—  
Then from yonder misty skies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Through the murk and mist and gloam  
To our quiet, cozy home,  
Where to singing, sweet and low,  
Rocks a cradle to and fro;

Where the clock's dull monotone  
Telleth of the day that 's done;  
Where the moonbeams hover o'er  
Playthings sleeping on the floor—  
Where my weary wee one lies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Cometh like a fleeting ghost  
From some distant æerie coast;  
Never footfall can you hear  
As that spirit fareth near—  
Never whisper, never word  
From that shadow-queen is heard.  
In ethereal raiment dight,  
From the realm of fay and sprite  
In the depth of yonder skies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Layeth she her hands upon  
My dear weary little one,  
And those white hands overspread  
Like a veil the curly head,

Seem to fondle and caress  
Every little silken tress ;  
Then she smooths the eyelids down  
Over those two eyes of brown —  
In such soothing, tender wise  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Dearest, feel upon your brow  
That caressing magic now ;  
For the crickets in the glen  
Chirp and chirp and chirp again,  
While upon the haunted green  
Fairies dance around their queen,  
And the moonbeams hover o'er  
Playthings sleeping on the floor —  
Hush, my sweet! from yonder skies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes!

## THE RIDE TO BUMPVILLE

PLAY that my knee was a calico mare  
Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;  
Leap to the back of this steed, if you dare,  
And gallop away to Bumpville!  
I hope you 'll be sure to sit fast in your seat,  
For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet,  
And many adventures you 're likely to meet  
As you journey along to Bumpville.

This calico mare both gallops and trots  
While whisking you off to Bumpville;  
She paces, she shies, and she stumbles, in spots,  
In the tortuous road to Bumpville;  
And sometimes this strangely mercurial steed  
Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed,  
Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed,  
When one is en route to Bumpville!



She 's scared of the cars when the engine  
goes "Toot!"

Down by the crossing at Bumpville;  
You 'd better look out for that treacherous  
brute

Bearing you off to Bumpville!  
With a snort she rears up on her hindermost  
heels,

And executes jigs and Virginia reels—  
Words fail to explain how embarrassed one  
feels

Dancing so wildly to Bumpville!

It 's bumpytybump and it 's jiggytyjog,  
Journeying on to Bumpville;  
It 's over the hilltop and down through the  
bog

You ride on your way to Bumpville;  
It 's rattletybang over boulder and stump,  
There are rivers to ford, there are fences to  
jump,

And the corduroy road it goes bumpytybump,  
Mile after mile to Bumpville!

Perhaps you 'll observe it 's no easy thing  
Making the journey to Bumpville,  
So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to  
bring

An end to this ride to Bumpville;  
For, though she has uttered no protest or  
plaint,

The calico mare must be blowing and faint—  
What 's more to the point, I 'm blowed if I  
ain't!

So play we have got to Bumpville!

## THE BROOK

I LOOKED in the brook and saw a face—  
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!  
There were rushes and willows in that place,  
And they clutched at the brook as the  
brook ran by;  
And the brook it ran its own sweet way,  
As a child doth run in heedless play,  
And as it ran I heard it say:  
“Hasten with me  
To the roistering sea  
That is wroth with the flame of the morn-  
ing sky!”

I look in the brook and see a face—  
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!  
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,  
And the willows I knew when a child was I.

And the brook it seemeth to me to say,  
As ever it stealeth on its way —  
Solemnly now, and not in play :

“Oh, come with me  
To the slumbrous sea  
That is gray with the peace of the evening  
sky!”

*Heigh-ho, but the years go by —  
I would to God that a child were I!*

## PICNIC-TIME

**I**'s June ag'in, an' in my soul I feel the  
fillin' joy  
That 's sure to come this time o' year to every  
little boy ;  
For, every June, the Sunday-schools at picnics  
may be seen,  
Where " fields beyont the swellin' floods stand  
dressed in livin' green " ;  
Where little girls are skeered to death with  
spiders, bugs, and ants,  
An' little boys get grass-stains on their go-to-  
meetin' pants.  
It 's June ag'in, an' with it all what happi-  
ness is mine —  
There 's goin' to be a picnic, an' I 'm goin'  
to jine !

One year I jined the Baptists, an' goodness!  
how it rained!

(But grampa says that that 's the way "bap-  
tizo" is explained.)

And once I jined the 'Piscopils an' had a heap  
o' fun —

But the boss of all the picnics was the Pres-  
byteriun!

They had so many puddin's, sallids, sandwidges,  
an' pies,

That a feller wisht his stummick was as hun-  
gry as his eyes!

Oh, yes, the eatin' Presbyteriuns give yer is so  
fine

That when *they* have a picnic, you bet *I 'm*  
goin' to jine!

But at this time the Methodists have special  
claims on me,

For they 're goin' to give a picnic on the  
21st, D. V.;

Why should a liberal universalist like me  
object

To share the joys of fellowship with every  
friendly sect?

However het'rodox their articles of faith else-  
wise may be,

Their doctrine of fried chick'n is a savin'  
grace to me!

So on the 21st of June, the weather bein' fine,  
They 're goin' to give a picnic, and I 'm goin'  
to jine!

SHUFFLE-SHOON AND  
AMBER-LOCKS

SHUFFLE-SHOON and Amber-Locks  
Sit together, building blocks;  
Shuffle-Shoon is old and gray,  
Amber-Locks a little child,  
But together at their play  
Age and Youth are reconciled,  
And with sympathetic glee  
Build their castles fair to see.

“When I grow to be a man”  
(So the wee one’s prattle ran),  
“I shall build a castle so —  
With a gateway broad and grand;  
Here a pretty vine shall grow,  
There a soldier guard shall stand;  
And the tower shall be so high,  
Folks will wonder, by and by!”



Shuffle-Shoon quoth: "Yes, I know;  
Thus I builded long ago!

Here a gate and there a wall,

Here a window, there a door;

Here a steeple wondrous tall

Riseth ever more and more!

But the years have leveled low

What I builded long ago!"

So they gossip at their play,

Heedless of the fleeting day;

One speaks of the Long Ago

Where his dead hopes buried lie;

One with chubby cheeks aglow

Prattleth of the By and By;

Side by side, they build their blocks—

Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.

## THE SHUT-EYE TRAIN

COME, my little one, with me!  
There are wondrous sights to see  
As the evening shadows fall;  
In your pretty cap and gown,  
Don't detain  
The Shut-Eye train —  
“Ting-a-ling!” the bell it goeth,  
“Toot-toot!” the whistle bloweth,  
And we hear the warning call:  
*“All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!”*

Over hill and over plain  
Soon will speed the Shut-Eye train!  
Through the blue where bloom the stars  
And the Mother Moon looks down  
We 'll away  
To land of Fay —

Oh, the sights that we shall see there!  
Come, my little one, with me there—  
'T is a goodly train of cars—  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

Swifter than a wild bird's flight,  
Through the realms of fleecy light  
We shall speed and speed away!  
Let the Night in envy frown—  
    What care we  
    How wroth she be!  
To the Balow-land above us,  
To the Balow-folk who love us,  
Let us hasten while we may—  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

Shut-Eye Town is passing fair—  
Golden dreams await us there;  
We shall dream those dreams, my dear,  
Till the Mother Moon goes down—  
    See unfold  
    Delights untold!

And in those mysterious places  
We shall see beloved faces  
And beloved voices hear  
*In the grace of Shut-Eye Town.*

Heavy are your eyes, my sweet,  
Weary are your little feet —  
Nestle closer up to me  
In your pretty cap and gown;  
Don't detain  
The Shut-Eye train!  
"Ting-a-ling!" the bell it goeth,  
"Toot-toot!" the whistle bloweth  
Oh, the sights that we shall see!  
*All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!*

## LITTLE-OH-DEAR

SEE, what a wonderful garden is here,  
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-  
Dear!

Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—  
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town  
And never ye 'll meet with a garden so queer  
As this one I 've made for my Little-Oh-Deard!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,  
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,  
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,  
Roses and pansies and violets—all  
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer  
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Deard.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree  
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;  
For, ever and only, she singeth the song  
“I love you — I love you!” the happy day  
    long;—

Then the echo — the echo that smiteth me  
    here!

“I love you, I love you,” my Little-Oh-Dear!

The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly—  
But what careth my little precious, or I?  
From her pathway of flowers that in spring-  
    time upstart

She walketh the tenderer way in my heart  
And, oh, it is always the summer-time *here*  
With that song of “I love you,” my Little-  
    Oh-Dear!

## THE FLY-AWAY HORSE

OH, a wonderful horse is the Fly-Away Horse—

Perhaps you have seen him before ;  
Perhaps, while you slept, his shadow has swept  
Through the moonlight that floats on the  
floor.

For it 's only at night, when the stars twinkle  
bright,

That the Fly-Away Horse, with a neigh  
And a pull at his rein and a toss of his mane,  
Is up on his heels and away !

The Moon in the sky,  
As he gallopeth by,  
Cries: " Oh ! what a marvelous sight ! "

And the Stars in dismay  
Hide their faces away  
In the lap of old Grandmother Night.

It is yonder, out yonder, the Fly-Away Horse  
Speedeth ever and ever away —

Over meadows and lanes, over mountains and  
plains,

Over streamlets that sing at their play ;  
And over the sea like a ghost sweepeth he,  
While the ships they go sailing below,  
And he speedeth so fast that the men at the  
mast

Adjudge him some portent of woe.

“What ho there!” they cry,

As he flourishes by

With a whisk of his beautiful tail;

And the fish in the sea

Are as scared as can be,

From the nautilus up to the whale!

And the Fly-Away Horse seeks those far-  
away lands

You little folk dream of at night —

Where candy-trees grow, and honey-brooks  
flow,

And corn-fields with popcorn are white;



And the beasts in the wood are ever so good  
To children who visit them there —  
What glory astride of a lion to ride,  
Or to wrestle around with a bear!  
The monkeys, they say:  
“Come on, let us play.”  
And they frisk in the cocoanut-trees:  
While the parrots, that cling  
To the peanut-vines, sing  
Or converse with comparative ease!

Off! scamper to bed — you shall ride him to  
night!  
For, as soon as you 've fallen asleep,  
With a jubilant neigh he shall bear you away  
Over forest and hillside and deep!  
But tell us, my dear, all you see and you hear  
In those beautiful lands over there,  
Where the Fly-Away Horse wings his far-  
away course  
With the wee one consigned to his care.  
Then grandma will cry  
In amazement: “Oh, my!”

And she 'll think it could never be so ;  
And only we two  
Shall know it is true —  
You and I, little precious ! shall know !

## SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW

SWING high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow —  
It 's off for a sailor thy father would go ;  
And it 's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,  
He hath left his wee babe with my song and  
with me :

*“ Swing high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow ! ”*

Swing high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow —  
It 's oh for the waiting as weary days go !  
And it 's oh for the heartache that smiteth  
me when

I sing my song over and over again :

*“ Swing high and swing low  
While the breezes they blow ! ”*

“Swing high and swing low”—

The sea singeth so,

And it waileth anon in its ebb and its flow;  
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea  
Nor reckoneth he ever of mine or of me!

*“Swing high and swing low*

*While the breezes they blow—*

*’Twas off for a sailor thy father would  
go!”*

## WHEN I WAS A BOY

UP in the attic where I slept  
When I was a boy, a little boy,  
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,  
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept  
Over the low, red trundle-bed,  
Bathing the tangled curly head,  
While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek  
With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!  
When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For the grace that through the lattice streamed  
Over my folded eyelids seemed  
To have the gift of prophecy,  
And to bring me glimpses of times to be

When manhood's clarion seemed to call —  
Ah! *that* was the sweetest dream of all,  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

I 'd like to sleep where I used to sleep  
When I was a boy, a little boy!  
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,  
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep  
The crosses and griefs of the years away  
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day;  
And those dreams should give me back again  
A peace I have never known since then —  
When I was a boy, a little boy!

## AT PLAY

PLAY that you are mother dear,  
And play that papa is your beau ;  
Play that we sit in the corner here,  
Just as we used to, long ago.  
Playing so, we lovers two  
Are just as happy as we can be,  
And I 'll say "I love you" to you,  
And you say "I love you" to me !  
"I love you" we both shall say,  
All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are that other one  
That some time came, and went away ;  
And play that the light of years ago  
Stole into my heart again to-day !

Playing that you are the one I knew  
In the days that never again may be,  
I 'll say "I love you" to you,  
And you say "I love you" to me!  
"I love you!" my heart shall say  
To the ghost of the past come back to-day!

Or, play that you sought this nestling-place  
For your own sweet self, with that dual  
guise

Of your pretty mother in your face  
And the look of that other in your eyes!  
So the dear old loves shall live anew  
As I hold my darling on my knee,  
And I 'll say "I love you" to you,  
And you say "I love you" to me!  
Oh, many a strange, true thing we say  
And do when we pretend to play!



## A VALENTINE

Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell  
I love her well.

Yes, though she tramples on my heart  
And rends that bleeding thing apart;  
And though she rolls a scornful eye  
On doting me when I go by;  
And though she scouts at everything  
As tribute unto her I bring—  
Apple, banana, caramel—  
Haste, Cupid, to my love and tell,  
In spite of all, I love her well!

And further say I have a sled  
Cushioned in blue and painted red!  
The groceryman has promised I  
Can "hitch" whenever he goes by—

Go, tell her that, and, furthermore,  
Apprise my sweetheart that a score  
Of other little girls implore  
The boon of riding on that sled  
Painted and hitched, as aforesaid; —  
And tell her, Cupid, only she  
Shall ride upon that sled with me!  
Tell her this all, and further tell  
I love her well.

## LITTLE ALL-ALONEY

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY'S feet  
Pitter-patter in the hall,  
And his mother runs to meet  
And to kiss her toddling sweet,  
Ere perchance he fall.  
He is, oh, so weak and small!  
Yet what danger shall he fear  
When his mother hovereth near,  
And he hears her cheering call:  
"All-Aloney"?

Little All-Aloney's face  
It is all aglow with glee,  
As around that romping-place  
At a terrifying pace  
Lungeth, plungeth he!

And that hero seems to be  
All unconscious of our cheers —  
Only one dear voice he hears  
Calling reassuringly :  
“ All-Aloney ! ”

Though his legs bend with their load,  
Though his feet they seem so small  
That you cannot help forebode  
Some disastrous episode  
In that noisy hall,  
Neither threatening bump nor fall  
Little All-Aloney fears, .  
But with sweet bravado steers  
Whither comes that cheery call :  
“ All-Aloney ! ”

Ah, that in the years to come,  
When he shares of Sorrow's store, —  
When his feet are chill and numb,  
When his cross is burdensome,  
And his heart is sore :

Would that he could hear once more  
The gentle voice he used to hear—  
Divine with mother love and cheer—  
Calling from yonder spirit shore:  
“ All, all alone ! ”

## SEEIN' THINGS

I AIN'T afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs,  
or worms, or mice,  
An' things 'at girls are skcered uv I think  
are awful nice!  
I 'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to  
go to bed,  
For, when I 'm tucked up warm an' snug an'  
when my prayers are said,  
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes  
away the light,  
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things  
at night!

Sometimes they 're in the corner, sometimes  
they 're by the door,  
Sometimes they 're all a-standin' in the middle  
uv the floor;

Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes  
they 're walkin' round  
So softly an' so creepylke they never make a  
sound!

Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other  
times they 're white —  
But the color ain't no difference when you see  
things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just  
moved on our street,  
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite  
to eat,  
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin'  
in a row,  
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me —  
so!  
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never  
slep' a mite —  
It 's almost alluz when I 'm bad I see things  
at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I 'd be skeered  
to death!

Bein' I 'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold  
my breath;

An' I am, oh! *so* sorry I 'm a naughty boy,  
an' then

I promise to be better an' I say my prayers  
again!

Gran'ma tells me that 's the only way to make  
it right

When a feller has been wicked an' sees things  
at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax  
me into sin,

I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges  
me within;

An' when they 's pie for supper, or cakes 'at 's  
big an' nice,

I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r  
them things twice!



No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out  
o' sight  
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things  
at night!

## THE CUNNIN' LITTLE THING

WHEN baby wakes of mornings,  
Then it 's wake, ye people all!  
For another day  
Of song and play  
Has come at our darling's call!  
And, till she gets her dinner,  
She makes the welkin ring,  
And she *won't* keep still till she 's had her  
fill—  
The cunnin' little thing!

When baby goes a-walking,  
Oh, how her paddies fly!  
For that 's the way  
The babies say  
To other folk "by-by";

The trees bend down to kiss her,  
And the birds in rapture sing,  
As there she stands and waves her hands —  
The cunnin' little thing!

When baby goes a-rocking  
In her bed at close of day,  
At hide-and-seek  
On her dainty cheek  
The dreams and the dimples play;  
Then it's sleep in the tender kisses  
The guardian angels bring  
From the Far Above to my sweetest  
love —  
You cunnin' little thing!

## THE DOLL'S WOOING

THE little French doll was a dear little doll  
Tricked out in the sweetest of dresses ;  
Her eyes were of hue  
A most delicate blue  
And dark as the night were her tresses ;  
Her dear little mouth was fluted and red,  
And this little French doll was so very well  
bred  
That whenever accosted her little mouth said  
“Mamma ! mamma !”

The stockinet doll, with one arm and one leg,  
Had once been a handsome young fellow,  
But now he appeared  
Rather frowzy and bleared  
In his torn regimentals of yellow ;

Yet his heart gave a curious thump as he lay  
In the little toy cart near the window one day  
And heard the sweet voice of that French dolly  
say :

“Mamma! mamma!”

He listened so long and he listened so hard  
That anon he grew ever so tender,  
For it 's everywhere known  
That the feminine tone  
Gets away with all masculine gender!  
He up and he wooed her with soldierly zest  
But all she 'd reply to the love he professed  
Were *these* plaintive words (which perhaps you  
have guessed):

“Mamma! mamma!”

Her mother—a sweet little lady of five—  
Vouchsafed her parental protection,  
And although stockinet  
Was n't blue-blooded, yet  
She really could make no objection!

So soldier and dolly were wedded one day,  
And a moment ago, as I journeyed that way,  
I 'm sure that I heard a wee baby voice say:  
"Mamma! mamma!"

INSCRIPTION FOR MY LITTLE SON'S  
SILVER PLATE

WHEN thou dost eat from off this plate,  
I charge thee be thou temperate;  
Unto thine elders at the board  
Do thou sweet reverence accord;  
And, though to dignity inclined,  
Unto the serving-folk be kind;  
Be ever mindful of the poor,  
Nor turn them hungry from the door;  
And unto God, for health and food  
And all that in thy life is good,  
Give thou thy heart in gratitude.

## FISHERMAN JIM'S KIDS

FISHERMAN Jim lived on the hill  
With his bonnie wife an' his little boys;  
'T wuz "Blow, ye winds, as blow ye will —  
Naught we reck of your cold and noise!"  
For happy and warm were he an' his,  
And he dandled his kids upon his knee  
To the song of the sea.

Fisherman Jim would sail all day,  
But, when come night, upon the sands  
His little kids ran from their play,  
Callin' to him an' wavin' their hands;  
Though the wind was fresh and the sea  
was high,  
He 'd hear 'em — you bet — above the roar  
Of the waves on the shore!



Once Fisherman Jim sailed into the bay  
As the sun went down in a cloudy sky,  
And never a kid saw he at play,  
And he listened in vain for the welcoming cry.  
In his little house he learned it all,  
And he clinched his hands and he bowed  
his head —

“The fever!” they said.

'T wuz a pitiful time for Fisherman Jim,  
With them darlin's a-dyin' afore his eyes,  
A-stretchin' their wee hands out to him  
An' a-breakin' his heart with the old-time  
cries

He had heerd so often upon the sands;  
For they thought they wuz helpin' his boat  
ashore —

Till they spoke no more.

But Fisherman Jim lived on and on,  
Castin' his nets an' sailin' the sea;  
As a man will live when his heart is gone,  
Fisherman Jim lived hopelessly,

Till once in those years they come an'  
said:

“Old Fisherman Jim is powerful sick—  
Go to him, quick!”

Then Fisherman Jim says he to me:

“It's a long, long cruise—you understand—  
But over beyont the ragin' sea

I kin see my boys on the shinin' sand  
Waitin' to help this ol' hulk ashore,  
Just as they used to — ah, mate, you know!—  
In the long ago.”

No, sir! he wuz n't afeard to die;

For all night long he seemed to see  
His little boys of the days gone by,

An' to hear sweet voices forgot by me!

An' just as the mornin' sun come up—  
“They 're holdin' me by the hands!” he cried,  
An' so he died.

“FIDDLE-DEE-DEE”

THERE once was a bird that lived up in  
a tree,  
And all he could whistle was “Fiddle-dee-  
dee”—

A very provoking, unmusical song  
For one to be whistling the summer day  
long!

Yet always contented and busy was he  
With that vocal recurrence of “Fiddle-dee-  
dee.”

Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,  
That weird iteration repented him sore;  
“I prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my  
gun,  
For, by our St. Diddy! the deed must be done

That shall presently rid all creation and me  
Of that ominous bird and his 'Fiddle-dee-  
dee'!"

Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing  
her son  
His awfully truculent little red gun;  
The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,  
The "bang" it came out where the bullet  
went in—  
The right kind of weapon I think you 'll agree  
For slaying all fowl that go "Fiddle-dee-dee"!

The brave little soldier quoth never a word,  
But he up and he drew a straight bead on  
that bird;  
And, while that vain creature provokingly sang,  
The gun it went off with a terrible bang!  
Then loud laughed the youth—"By my  
Bottle," cried he,  
"I 've put a quietus on 'Fiddle-dee-dee'!"

Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying :

“ My son,

Right well have you wrought with your little  
red gun!

Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,

With such a brave soldier as You-My-Love  
here ! ”

She kissed the dear boy.

[The bird in the tree

Continued to whistle his “ Fiddle-dee-dee ” !]

## OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

OVER the hills and far away,  
A little boy steals from his morning play  
And under the blossoming apple-tree  
He lies and he dreams of the things to be:  
Of battles fought and of victories won,  
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds  
done—

Of the valor that he shall prove some day,  
Over the hills and far away—

Over the hills, and far away!

Over the hills and far away  
It 's, oh, for the toil the livelong day!  
But it mattereth not to the soul aflame  
With a love for riches and power and fame!

On, O man! while the sun is high—  
 On to the certain joys that lie  
 Yonder where blazeth the noon of day,  
 Over the hills and far away—  
     Over the hills, and far away!

Over the hills and far away,  
 An old man lingers at close of day;  
 Now that his journey is almost done,  
 His battles fought and his victories won—  
 The old-time honesty and truth,  
 The trustfulness and the friends of youth,  
 Home and mother—where are they?  
 Over the hills and far away—  
     Over the years, and far away!

CENTRAL CIRCULATION  
 CHILDREN'S ROOM



















